

# THE HEROICK HISTORY

OF

Guy Earle of *Warwick*.

WRITTEN BY HUMPHRY CROUCH.



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THE  
 Heroick History  
 OF  
 GUY Earle of WARWICK.



F Noble *Guy*, I here will speak,  
 A Champion bold and stout :  
 Who evermore wolud help the weak,  
 And beat the strongest out.  
 Distressed Ladies help would hee,  
 And Captives bound in chains,  
 And wronged Knights from tyrants free,  
 True love was all his gains.  
 And all was for fair *Phelice* sake,  
 He ventur'd life and limb ;  
 Who made the stoutest Champion quake,  
 That durst incounter him.  
 The Earle of *Warwicks* daughter highest,  
 Was *Phelice* tall and trim :  
 The flower of *England* for delight,  
 Too high of birth for him.  
 For he was but as I may say,  
 Her Fathers stewards son :  
 Yet *Venus* laws she must obey,  
 When *Guy* had honour won.  
 Why then quoth she go forth brave youth,  
 And make thy self more known :



## The Heroick History

2  
And when my Father hears the truth,  
Take *Phelice* for thy own.  
Win honour by thy marshall hand,  
And by a War-like life;  
When this I come to understand,  
Take *Phelice* for thy wife.  
*Phelice* I ask no more said he,  
Call *Guy* a coward Swain;  
If he refuse to fight for thee,  
Thy love for to obtain,  
O wo to him that counts that good!  
That doth procure his care;  
Who wins a wife with loss of blood,  
Doth buy his bargain dear.  
Yet whilst he hath a drop to bleed,  
*Guy* will not idle lye:  
Performing many a worthy deed,  
And acts of Chivalry.  
In *France* he prov'd himself a man,  
Unhors'd them one by one,  
He there cast down both horse and man,  
And fame and honour won.  
He then to *England* comes amain,  
To see his hearts delight:  
But *Phelice* sends him forth again.  
Since he so well could fight:  
To fight for her he wold not grutch,  
Whom he esteemed dear:  
Because he loved her so much,  
No danger did he fear.  
No danger may he fear that strives,  
To win a Ladies love:  
And howsoever the business thrives,  
Obedient he must prove.





He takes no leave once more and goes,  
 Her pleasure to fulfill ;  
 He longs to be a dealing blows,  
 To win more honour still.  
 And through a Forrest as he rides,  
 He meets a mighty Giant ;  
 Two yards at every step he strides,  
 Far stronger then a Lyon :  
 Friend, quoth the Giant hast thou heard  
 Of one, they call him Guy,  
 Who all the Power of France hath fear'd,  
 With acts of Chivalrie.

A 3

And



## The Heroick History

And what of him, Sir *Guy* then said,  
Perhaps I am the man,  
Of Giants he was ne'r afraid,  
Do all the best they can.  
O! quoth the Giant art thou he,  
With whom I long to fight;  
Thy honour doth belong to me,  
I claim it as my right.  
Then pull'd a tree up by the roots,  
And heav'd it up on high:  
In iron Coat, and brazen boots,  
He marched towards *Guy*.  
Quoth *Guy* thou art a simple clown,  
I'll quickly make thee mine:  
I'll pull thy lofty courage down,  
My honour still shall shine.  
With that he hit him a strong blow,  
From a well guided hand:  
And cut off mighty *Rumbo's* toe,  
That he could hardly stand.  
Then *Rumbo* heav'd his tree on high,  
Thinking his bones to break:  
And struck at *Guy* most furiously,  
Which made the ground to shake.  
Before he heav'd his tree again,  
*Guy* hit him on the head:  
Thinking the Giant had been slain,  
Falling down for dead.  
Hold hold, (quoth he) I'll be thy slave,  
So thou wilt save my life:  
Quoth *Guy*, such mercy thou shalt have,  
To end this dreadful strife.  
He made him swear he would be true  
And serve him as his boy:

His



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

His enemies for to subdue,  
And all his foes destroy.  
He swore he would, and then did rise,  
To lend Sir *Guy* his aid,  
Whose ugly looks, and fauser-eyes,  
Might make a man afraid.  
They walked over mountains high,  
Trough vallies wide and long :  
The Giant *Rumbo*, with Sir *Guy*,  
And none could do them wrong.  
At length they heard a mighty cry,  
Which scar'd the Giant so :  
What cry is that, ( quoth he ) Sir *Guy* ?  
No farther will I go.  
*Rumbo* quoth *Guy*, tush do not faint,  
I'll go what ever betide ;  
No courage surely can he want,  
Hath fortune on his side.  
Close underneath a hill he found,  
A Lyon with a Dragon met ;  
But *Rumbo* fell down in a swound,  
And in a cold moist sweat,  
Brave sport, ( quoth *Guy* ) fight on quoth he,  
And when you make an end ;  
Unto the weakest I will be  
A true and trusty friend.  
At length the Lyon turn'd aside,  
As if he would be gone ;  
Nay then ( quoth *Guy* ) have at your hide,  
Dragon I'll lay it on.  
With that he draws his mastie blade,  
Unto the Dragon goes  
Like one that was no whit afraid,  
But deals him manly blows.



# The Heroick History



Valiant *Guy* belurs his hands,  
The Dragon back did shrink;  
The Giant *Rumbo* quaking stands,  
And knew not what to think.  
*Guy* gets the victory at last,  
Which made great *Rumbo* glad;  
He was full glad the fight was past,  
For he before was sad:  
The dread uil *Lyon Guy* did greet,  
When he to him did go;  
And thankfully did lick his feet,

Because



## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Because he kill'd his foe.

He followed him by his horse side,

It was his chiefe desire;

Till he no longer could abide,

Hunger forc'd him to retire.

*Rumbo*, ( quoth *Guy* ) I see thou art,

A coward at the last:

Thou hast great strength, but little heart,

I know by what is past,

Master, ( quoth *Rumbo* ) shall I speak,

And yet I now am loth:

Compar'd to me you are but weak,

Yet heart enough for both

But you shall see my valour shown,

Before that it be long;

I will not see you overthrown,

Or suffer any wrong,

Why then quoth *Guy*, *Rumbo*, I'll quickly try, what  
mettle thou art made of; thou wast afraid of the Dra-  
gon, but art thou afraid of a man. No quoth *Rumbo*,  
you know I was not afraid of you, who was too hard  
for all the Champions in *France*, and I purposing to  
win honour, thought to try my man-hood with you,  
though I had the worst, and should think my life well  
spent in the service of such a Noble Champion: *Rum-*  
*bo* quoth *Guy*, I hear the Emperor of *Almain* hath be-  
sieged the Duke of *Lovain*, thither I purpose to go to  
lend the Duke my aid, for I am resolved to help the  
weak against the mighty; yet in no unjust quarrell  
shall my sword be drawn: no sooner were they arri-  
ved at *Lovain*, but the Duke understandeth thereof,  
and entertained *Guy*, with great joy and gladness.  
Now quoth the Duke, my friends, my heart is right  
glad, that so honorable a man is come to take our part

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brave



## The Heroick History

brave English man quoth the Duke, advise me what to do in this case; the City being besieged by a powerful enemy, and small resistance can we made against them: my Lord quoth *Guy*, there's freedom enough to be won, by a course which my self means to take; and to encourage your men the better. My man *Rumbo* and I will issue out upon them, so after the breach is made, your army may the better fall upon them, and put them to the rout: no danger may they fear who valliant minds do bear: then suddainly they opened the gates, where *Guy* and *Rumbo* behav'd themselves so valliantly, that they broke the enemies rank, beat the *Almains* from the wall, and made such a terrible slaughter among them, that with the help of the Dukes Army, they quite vanquish'd the *Almains*, and put them all to the rout. *Rumbo* beat a whole lane of men before him, but following them too far, was unfortunately slain. *Guy* bewailed the death of his trusty servant *Rumbo*, and said, he would be revenged of the *Almains* for his death. Shortly after the Emperor sent another army greater then the first, but they were overthrown as the former were, and the Duke with *Guy* returned victoriously unto the City, where after many thanks given to *Guy*, *Guy* answered the Duke in this manner, My Lord, it joyes mee not half so much, that wee have got the victory of our enemies, as it would glad my heart to make a peace between the Emperour and you. The Duke was willing, and sent a guard of Souldiers with him, till hee came to the Emperour's Court: where he speaks to the Emperor in this sort. High Emperor, all health unto thy grace, and peace to thee, if thou sai'st peace to us, and love to thee if love thou wilt embrace; why should we Christians war  
against



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

against each other, but rather against misbelieving  
Jews, Turks, and Pagans; we sue not to thee in a servile  
way, as fearing thy power and might : for victory  
hath crowned our heads with honour, but that wee  
might agree together to pull the Pagans down. Brave  
English man quoth the Emperour; hadst thou  
spoke sooner, it had not only been granted, but had  
saved many hundred mens lives. Why then, quoth  
*Guy*, let's to Duke *Segwin* go, and renew the league be-  
twixt you; with all my heart, quoth the Emperour; so  
away they go to the Duke, and renews their league,  
and sends *Guy* with a thousand chosen men, against  
the Jews, Turks, & Pagans, & Sarazens altogether by  
the ears. Brave sport quoth *Guy*, so lays about him on  
every side, favouring none; insomuch that they said  
one to the other, what mad fellow is this, that hews us  
down on every side; sure had he a thousand lives, he  
could not scape. At length a mighty Pagan steps to  
*Guy*, and desired a Combate at his hands, to see which  
of their swords cut best. Methinks quoth *Colbron*, thou  
hast a sword that is like to a reed, I am perswaded it  
will not cut, Not cut quoth *Guy*, Pagan I like thy hu-  
mor wel, I'll whet it on thy bones before we part,  
such lubbers it hath often hewn asunder; then did  
they lend each other lusty knocks, that sparks of fire  
flew from their helmets, the gazing people knew  
not what to think, but expected the end of *Guy*,  
for *Colbron* was wonderous strong, & one of the chief-  
est Champions that the Turks had. But *Guy* at last gave  
him such a speedy blow, that down came *Colbron* and  
his strength withall. Pagan quoth *Guy*, is my sword  
sharp or no? with that he cut off his head, and sent it  
to the Emperour presently: *Guy* to another goes, called  
*Mormadore*, and after a hot dispute overcomes him, &  
laies him dead upon the ground. The Pagans seeing  
their



## The Heroick History

their Champions go down so fast forsook the field, & went to the town, where a most bloody Tyrant bore the sway: who hearing what was done went armed to the tent where *Guy* was, & challenged him to come forth, telling him that he had promised his head to a Lady, & was com to fetch it. And hast thou so, quoth *Guy*, an honest man wil be his words master; com then and take it off quickly, or else the Lady will suppose you scoff. But *Guy* did so belabour him, that instead of taking of his head, he set spurs to horse, and fled to save his own: then not a man durst stir, but *Guy* hearing they had a General in the town, they call'd him mighty *Souldan*, goes and challenges him, and dares him to his face, the *Souldan* with a staring look, replied; Thou Christian slave, who like a dog I scorn: I'll chastise thee with steel, with that at each other they ran, their launces broke & each forsook his Horse; they betook thē then to their swords: *Guy* struck such forcible blows, that he cut through the *Souldan's* Armor; making such wide wounds in his flesh, that at last through loss of blood the *Souldan* fel to ground, casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*: Then not a man durst stir so *Guy* set spurs to his horse and departed, wit victory and great honour. *Guy* now intended to go see his loving friend the Duke of *Lovain*; but ere he came to his journies end, he freed a woful Lady from distress; thus it befel: Earl *Terry* a valiant man, with his Lady walking through a forrest to take the air, was surpris'd on a suddain by sixteen villains, who were hired to take his Lady away from him, and make her anothers wife; leaving the Earl sore wounded, *Guy* comforts the Earl, and understanding where these villains were, by the cry of the Lady, coms to them in this manner. Cursed slaves, quoth he, what do you mean to do with this



## Of Guy Earle of Warwick.



this Lady? her husband you have wounded, & taken her by force from him: this act of yours I'll make you now repent, you shall pay dear for what you here have done. With that they laughed him to scorn, saying, what fool is this, or rather mad man, who thinks to get himself a name by a desperate attempt: (like so quoth he) the fit that's on me now, is a raging one, so draws his sword, & bids the Lady hold her peace, for he would quickly release her from the hands of these villains, so with admirable courage he lays upon them, at every blow one or other dies: soon he slew, and the rest



## The Heroick History

rest fled, being not able to withstand him at that time so he conducted her to the Earl, her husband, with much joy, and gladness on both sides. Now *Guy* with the Earl, and his beloved Lady, wandring through the desert, without a guide, hearing the noise of wilde beast, did not a little trouble them. At length two armed men they spied, with their swords drawn, who stood upon their guard, lest the wild beasts should devour them on a sudden. *Guy* demands of them what they were; they replied, they came to bring Earl *Terry* bad news. The Earl demanded what it was? they replied his royall Father was besieged in his strong Castle by *Duke Ottons* power: who hath vowed to pull the Castle down about his ears. The Earl on a suddain was much discontented, *Guy* chears him up, and tells him that he will assist him, my very name quoth *Guy*, will make him flie, he felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not; I will go with thee, thy wronged Father to defend; for I have vowed the wronged for to right. Noble Friend, quoth *Terry*, my joys abound, and have overcome my grief; to think my aged Father hath so brave a man to take his part; The enemies no sooner heard of *Guy*s approach but all their Commanders took their heels and ran away, leaving the Duke their master, to order his men himself. The Duke seeing himself in so bad a conditon, in a desperate humor calls for *Guy*, vowing to be revenged of him, or loose his life & honour in the field. Where is quoth he, this *English* man that haunts my ghost? I challenge him to meet me in the field, equall envie shali quickly end the quarrell that is betwixt us. Agreed quoth *Guy*, proud foe repent thy wrong, and make thy conscience clear, thou shalt quickly see an end of thy honour, which worthy men do hold most dear,



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

dear, thou now hast lived to see an end of thy good name. Together then they rush'd most furiously, like two incensed Lyons, breaking their Launces as they were reeds: and betaking them to their swords, they fought both with admirable courage, till at length through losse of blood the Duke fell, who lamented his ill fortune, and died very penitently, confessing that ambition was the cause of his overthrow. When *Guy* heard this he sheathed his sword, and sayes; remain thou there, for I mean to bleed no more for *Phelice*, at this time I have been too long away from her, and will fight no more till I see her: but passing through a Forest he met with the hugest *Boar* that ever eye beheld, the Beast came at him most furiously, which he perceiving stands upon his guard, & lays so hard upon his swinish head, that he left him dead in the place. And so takes his journey for *England*, where being arrived, he was entertained with great joy and triumph by King *Athelstone*, who had heard of all his Noble achievements done in other Countries, to the honour of *England*, and *English* men: Renowned *English* man, said King *Athelstone*, who art the pride of our Nation, I have heard of all thy Noble actions done in other Countries, to the wonder of the whole Christian world. Thou hast laid a heavy hand upon the necks of *Pagans*, *Infidels*, & *Jews*, hewing monsters in twain, who spoiled and devoured many Christians: But Honorable man, I think thou never didst destroy the like monster, that is now in *England*; a dreadfull Dragon in *Northumberland*, who devours man, woman, and child. Many worthy Knights have gone to encounter with him yet never any came home alive again. I spake not this to animate thee on; to venture thy life to encounter with him: whose life I prize.



## The Heroick History

Prize as dear as my own, but that thou maist understand how our Country is annoi'd by him. My liege quoth *Guy* let me but have a conduct, that I may understand where to find him; and I promise as I am an *English* Knight, and true to my King, and Country; I will bring this monsters head to your Majesty. The *King* gave order that a dozen Knights should Conduct him to the place where the *Dragon* was, which was done accordingly: the *King* and all the *Court* taking their leaves of *Guy* in solemn wise, never expecting to see him again; when they were come near to the place, where the *Dragon* was. *Guy* saies thus unto them: Gentlemen, go no farther, for fear of danger, but sit on your Horses and behold the Sport, so coming towards the *Cave*, where the *Dragon* was; *Guy* prepared for the incounter, and beholding the Dreadfull *Dragon* coming towards him, with irefull Countenance: with eyes like burning fire, and lofty speckled breast: his Launce in his rest, and Spurs his Horse, running against the *Dragon* with such violence that he overthrew him: the *Dragon* bit his Launce in twain as if it had been a reed: nay then quoth *Guy* if you fall to such bites, I have a tool to pick your Teeth withall: Then draws his trusty blade, and laies upon the *Dragon* in such manful wise, that he made wide and deep Wounds in his body: which caused him to roar so exceedingly, that hee scared the Knights, which set on their Horses to behold the fray. The *Dragon* Perceiving *Guy* too hard for him, endeavoured to flye away from him; but *Guy* brought him down again, with a Vengeance, cut off his head, and brought to the King, upon a piece of the Spear that the *Dragon* bit in twain: The King admired at this monsters head, God shield, quoth hee,  
and



## of Guy Earle of Warwick.

and save us from all evil, here is a face may well outface the Devil. Victorious Knight said the King, wee admire thy valour, thy courage, & brave adventures; one thing I must needs crave, and that is this, that you will go no more beyond the Seas, but stay here with me. My Sovereign said *Guy*, what I have done was for love of a Woman, whom I have not seen these many years; may your Majesty give me but so much leave I shall be at your service. Thrice-Honoured Knight, I know it, the Earle of *Warwick* Daughter go Honoured man unto her, she hath heard of all thy Valiant actions, thou art a second *Hector*, or more then he, for *Hector*, never did so much as thee.

*Phelice* hearing *Guy* was at Lincoln, went to him, and being over-joyed that she had found him, Clapt him in her Arms, and say, Why, how now love, have you forgot to love, what seek a *Dragon* ere you come to me? *Phelice* said *Guy*, the King himself complain'd of a most dreadful *Dragon* in *Northumberland*, that annoyed all the Country, killing men, women, & children; and he which wil not obey his Sovereigns command, especially in a thing of so high concernment, is both a Coward and an ill affected member to the Comon-wealth. *Phelice*. I am thine, I have bought thee with price of blood Dear love said *Phelice*, thou shalt never bleed no more for me, so both agreed, they went to her royall fathers house, *Earl Roband*, who entertain'd him most Royally, & after a few daies they were married together, with great joy, banqueting and hearts delight: The Noble *Earl Roband* in the space of three weeks died. and left the *Earldom* to his son *Guy*, who was after made Earle of *Warwick*, he enjoyed his Earledom but a small time. And now growing in years, bethinks himself, & oft would say, how many men have I made  
C liveless



## The Heroick History

livelesse for the love of a woman, and spend my time in war and blood, and not one tear shed for my sins. For beauty have I run through the world, in a Sea of blood, good God forgive me for it, vain world farewell I go to mortifie a sinfull man, and now I mean to take my journey like a Pilgrim, to the holy Land, to see the place where my Saviour died for my sins, and the sins of the whole world. *Phelice* finding him so discontented, begins to question him, how he came into these mellancholly fits. If I (quoth she) be the cause of it; I am not only sorry, but will endeavour to amend what is in me amiss. No dear love (quoth *Guy*) nothing but my sins, my numberless sins, that is the cause of all my grief and sorrow. Ah *Phelice* said he, for thy love have I made many a man bleed. And now dear love do I intend to take my journey to the holy Land, and live and dye a Pilgrim, here take this Ring and keep it as a pledge of my love to thee, and give me thine, and if ever I come again to *England*, I wil send thee this Ring that thou mayest come and close up my dying eyes. *Phelice* farewell, weep not, I now must go, thy heart is full of love, mine full of woe; so with abundance of tears shed betwixt them, he takes his journey onely with a staffe in his hand, to the holy Land, and she as a pensive widdow remains at home, giving almes at her door to all Pilgrims for his sake, enquiring of them evermore if they could tell her any news of him, but he not making himselfe known to any of them in all his travells, they could relate nothing of him, to her. Many times when he returned from the ho'y Land, hath he received Almes from her own hands. And she not knowing him, he hath departed with tears in his eyes to his Cave, where he lived and died, as you shall understand hereafter.

No w



of Guy Earle of *Warwick*.



Now *Guy* takes his journey toward, the holy Land,  
 passing through desert and unfrequented place, full  
 of danger: meeteth at last with a most wofull Wight,  
 that unto sorrow was no stranger. An aged man having  
 fifteen sons in bondage, under the cruel Tyrant, or  
 a most barbarous Giant called *Amorant*, who retained  
 them in his strong Castle, with many Knights, Gentle-  
 men, and Ladies besides. *Guy* questioning where, the  
 old man directs him to the Castle. Lend me thy sword  
 quoth *Guy*, I'll lend my man-hood all thy sons to free  
 So away he goes, and lays upon the Gates, as one that  
 says, he must and will come in. The Giant was neve.



## The Heroick History

so rowzed before, for no such knocking at his gates had been: so takes his club and keyes and cometh forth. Sirrah, (quoth the Giant) what business hast thou here? art thou come to feast the crows about these walls, because thou hast molested me in this manner, with this club will I beat out thy brains, and dress thy flesh for the crows to feed upon. You are very quatrelsome Giant, quoth *Guy*, and dangerous at the club it seems you be, I have been better armd though now go thin; but do thy worst, here is a weapon that must do me right, so draws his sword, salutes him with the same about the shoulders, head, and side: in such manner that the Giant did not like the sport; but heaving his club aloft into the ayre, said, now villain will I crush thee, but *Guy* was nimble to avoid the same, so on the ground he spent his stroaks in vain; at length *Amarant* the Giant grew thirstie and faint for want of drink, and asked leave of *Guy*, to quench his thirst at the river, *Guy* gives him leave, then to work they fell again, at length *Guy* grew thirstie and craved leave to drink. but the churlish Giant said it was a mad mans part to relieve his enemy; well said *Guy*, since thou art so hard-hearted in that wherein I used thee so kindly, thou shalt understand that it doth but whet my anger the more against thee, and so shorten thy life the sooner; I now disdain to drink; hold Tyrant, take a tast of my good will, for now I begin my bloody bout, it is not that same club will beat you out, with that he hit him on the head such a powerfull stroak that brought him with a vengeance down, then *Guy* set foot upon the monsters breast, and hewed off his head: and takes his keyes, and enters the castle, where a most wofull spectacle he beheld; tender Ladies in darke dungeons fed with the flesh of their own husbands,



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

hands, them he releast, & set at liberty, unbinds many knights and gentlemen, who for many years had been kept in bondage by this bloody tyrant; at length he came to an Iron gate, which he unlocks; where he found the old mans sons, being fifteen in number. Who looked like the pictures of death, some of them he found hang'd up by the middle, som by the thumbs, som hang'd up by the heels with their heads downward. These he took down with great care, and delivered them to the old man their father, who with great joy and thankfulness would have kissed *Guy's* feet, but *Guy* took him up in his armes, delivered the keys unto him, made him master of the castle, and so departed; many a weary step travelled he ere he came to the holy Land, whilst his beloved wife spent her dayes in great sorrow, often wishing her self with him, to be partner with him in all his sufferings: many years continued he in the holy Land, insomuch that all his friends thought him to be dead. At length desiring to see his own native country, where he intended to lay his bones, he took his journey homwards. No sooner was he arived on the English shore, but he found his contry in great distress; the King of Denmark with a mighty army was landed, threatening to destroy all with fire and sword. Neverthelesse the two Kings to stay the effusion of blood, were willing to end the quarrel, by a single combate. The King of Denmark had a mighty Giant to his Champion: so terrible to behold, that the English were afraid of his very looks, flinging his gauntlet down with such pride and contempt, that worthy *Guy* could ill indure to hear, saying, the English were a cowardly Nation, that never a men durst answer him. *Guy* could not contain himself no longer, but goesto the King, and tells him.



## The Heroick History

him that he will expect of the challenge, and desired his Majesty not to despair, for he would quickly make an end of *Colbron* that mighty Giant. The King said unto him, honest *Palmer* go, and God bleſſe thee in this mighty work thou haſt undertaken, and grant thee victory over thine enemy. Amen quoth *Guy* and ſo goes from *Wincheſters* North-gate to Hide-mead, where he found this Monſter of men, treading each ſtep two yards of ground. Art thou the man, quoth *Colbron*, on whom the King hath ventured Englands Crown, whereas all his Lords and Nobles I deſie and ſcorn, to fight with ſuch a ſlave as thee. Giant, ſaid *Guy*, man-hood ſhould never fail: a ſouldiers weapon beſt can tel his mind. Thus I begin, and therefore look about thee: If thou bee beaten the *Dains* will ſhout thee: then began a ſharp and bloody fight between them: ſo that the people knew not what to think; at length *Colbron* through loſſe of blood began to faint, and ſay to *Guy*, yield thee brave English man, and fight no longer. Villain, quoth *Guy*, I ſcorn thy coward fear: The King hath ventured England on my head. With that he lent him ſuch a powerfull blow, that brought the Giant with a vengeance down, great joy was there among the English.

But



Of Guy Earle of Warwick.



But *Guy* passed away unknown to his *Cave*, in a while after he fell sick; and sent his Ring to his wife, the Countess of *Warwick* by a poor Palmer, who came and closed up his dying eyes, her self living but fifteen days after.

**F I N I S.**



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*The Fryer and the Boy.*  
*The Delectable History of Beware the Cat.*  
*Like to like, quoth the Divell to the Collier.*  
*The rate of Expences.*  
*The Sanctuary of a Troubled Soul.*  
*Amadis de Gaule, a Romance*